



I Loved You

Philosophical Poems

Sorin Cerin

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2019

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Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Al Cistelean within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

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One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin,

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undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

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It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

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On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

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Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely

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is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

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And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

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What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new, some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

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Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

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Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", í la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and

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more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

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But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of

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ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

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Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man

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the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

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PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through

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adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled, with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the

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Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:
"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title

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of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

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PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

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PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more

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disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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1. The Falling Star of Love

It's raining,
with Horizons of lead,
on the Traces of decomposed Smiles,
from the blood of Memories,
what, they dye my,
with the brush of the regrets,
the empty walls,
of the Sunsets of the Loneliness,
what they are rising from your Glance,
lost,
in which I consume my Dreams,
now,
tied, at the Eyes, of, Heaven,
of the Pain,
what desperately wanders,
through the cut veins,
of the latter,
Cemeteries, of, Words,
on which we have spoken them for us,
and in which we have buried,
the last Eternities of Moments,
through which we have passed together,
admiring without our will,
the Falling Star,
of the Love,
how it breaks down,
on the Horizon of the Nobody.

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Massive walls of Contradictions,
they crush us the Wings of Time,
what have collapsed once with us,
on the Storm of the Prides,
letting us slip,
in the Horizons of the Oceans,
without return,
of the Flowers of Tears,
on which we shipwrecked,
in present,
aboard the ship of the Loneliness,
without a specific target,
to the satisfaction,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
what, they haunt us, the Wrinkles of the Glances,
with the threatening waves,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
about which only now,
I understood who namely they are,
but in vain.

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2. Are we somehow?

Are we somehow ?,
Steps without Traces,
and Thoughts without content,
which, they can not let Shadows ?,
or we may be,
Words without a body,
what they have forgotten their Soul,
in palms that no longer want to know,
how it can be tightened,
in the fists of the Feelings,
Love?

Are we somehow ?,
A Flower of Tears given,
by Death,
to Forgetfulness,
or we may be,
the shirt of the Suffering of a Separation,
on which we want to wear it,
just because it's fashionable,
among the Cemeteries of Words,
of the Absurd?

Are we somehow ?,
the extinguished Heart of the Fire,
of an Eternity of Moment,
from which, it has longer remained us, only the ashes,

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of the Future,
or we may be,
the Heaven of Lead of Loneliness ?,
on which we carry him to endlessly,
on the shoulders of our homeless Days,
which, we want to guard us,
by the cold and acid rains,
of the Memories.

Are we somehow,
Truth?,
or maybe we have never been,
ourselves,
those who should have struggled,
with the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
whose paths,
are always without a return,
through the graves of the Hopes ?,
or we may be,
The Dream of a Love,
on which, not even God, no longer had him,
before of us,
becoming the true creators,
of the Immortality from the Glances,
without end,
of the Heaven of a Feeling,
on the vault of which,
we build a star,
only ours,
what, will never quench.

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3. The phone of the Memories is ringing

I do not know how namely,
I could ask you for forgiveness,
the phone of the Memories is ringing,
I would like to tell you,
to I answer you,
what, the Words,
they do not know how to express,
that's why, I am silent,
and, I run,
with the Silence together,
among the Flowers of Tears,
of the Dawn of Loneliness,
until we fall,
together,
on the black asphalt of the Thoughts,
wounded by the Destiny,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
what they do not want to let us,
to escape, from ourselves,
so that, we can meet you,
Love,
I do not know how namely,
that is why I can not answer you,

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even if,
the phone of the Memories is ringing,
on the unshaved face of the Future,
what does not know which way to take,
before it closes us nervous,
the gates of the Hopes,
as to go toward Nowhere,
Love,
I wonder if I could longer ask for your forgiveness?

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4. Wandering wings

Wandering wings,
of Memories,
they still manage to fly,
through the Horizon of lead,
of the Glances,
which, it collapses for us,
on the cold and black asphalt of the Thoughts,
of some Words of Nobody,
what, they would have wanted,
so much to be uttered,
and not shouted,
by our Dreams,
collapsed to the indifferent soles,
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

Wandering wings,
of the Flowers of Tears,
what they flow us,
on the snow cheeks of the Smiles,
carved in the Ice of the Waiting,
which will never melt,
on the frost of end of World,
of the Loneliness,
incarnated in Absurd,

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who can not know,
however much would like,
how it looks, the Spring, of the Meeting again,
in which to bloom again, for us,
The Steps of Happiness,
in, the color of the Eternity of Moment,
of the Love.

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5. Covers us entirely the Sky of Dreams

The windows, smashed by Smiles,
through which the cold of the Words enters,
which have snowed us the Walls of the Glances,
with snowdrifts of regrets,
increasingly tall,
until,
covers us entirely,
the Sky of Dreams,
to whom we no longer ask for anything
among the cold and impersonal graves,
of the Eternities of Moments,
which have called us somewhere- sometime,
the Love,
through whose breath,
to be able to give us, the Boundlessness.

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6. Let us wander on the vault of Hope

Roads, venomous,
they twist among the Steps barefoot,
of the homeless Days,
of the Love.

Falling stars,
flow from the Flowers of Tears,
of the Time of the Nobody,
cursed as, through its existence,
to always kill us, the Eternity.

Threatening Waves, of, Glances,
break the Hearts of fire,
of the Words,
and have extinguished them once and for all,
the Souls,
with the cold and indifferent breathing,
of the Forgetfulness.

Steps of Longing,
gnawed by Loneliness,
they collapse chaotically,
in, the Valley of the Pain and the Absurd,
mastered by, the Death,
which flows through the cut veins,
of our Dream,
crashed,
in the Boundlessness of the Nobody.

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Distances, of pitch,
they deepen us, sighing,
in the darkness without the edges,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
whose Illusions of Life and Death,
they promise us, that we will be together.

Nothing, has not remained us anymore,
Love,
than to strip ourselves,
by the lead vestments,
of the Absurd and Vanity,
of this World,
from which to we escape,
leaving even the rotten meat,
of the Words,
uttered by, the Loneliness, in two,
somewhere, sometime,
behind us.

Let us wander on the vault of Hope,
of to meet Him,
on the God of the Absolute Truth,
lost by the Destiny, misunderstood,
of the Immortality,
somewhere, deep,
through our Souls,
what, they will no longer be burdened,
by the heavy dust,
of the alienation, of, Self,
of this World,
thus remaining together.

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7. I loved you

I loved you,
although we were crushed,
by the dark Steps,
of a Heaven of the Separation,
by ourselves,
without we knowing,
that it rained so hard,
with falling stars,
that we lit us the Souls,
what have become so,
two candles,
on which the Absurd of this World,
has used them to light,
the Way of Death,
what, was waiting for us,
and who was ready to lose us otherwise,
through the darkness,
of her own feelings.

I loved you,
no matter how much they would have tried,
the sadistic Sunrises,
of the Loneliness,
to give us,
their own feelings,
what, they did not admit,
the Longing and the Waiting,

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at whose gates,
the bloody Sunsets,
and endless,
they cried,
with the Tears of Lead ,
of the Eternities of Moments,
what they wash us and today,
the faces ever more pale,
of the Cemeteries of Words,
on which, not even,
the letters of Farewell,
they can not bear them anymore.

I loved you,
how only the Sun of Truth,
can have feelings,
for the Sky of the Glances,
and the Divine Light of the Sacredness,
for the Love,
on whose wings I would have wished,
to we can fly,
up beyond any Horizon,
of the Doubts,
which, they would have reminded us,
that we are, however,
limited as people.

I loved you,
wanting to kidnap you from Vanity,
for to give you the Boundlessness,
without I ever believe
that we will fall,
from the Icons of the Holiness of a Love,
to which we pray,

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together with the angels of Feelings,
fallen, now,
in the cold and sad bodies,
of the Forgetfulness of ourselves,
where we still seek and today,
on deserted and cold streets,
of the Separation,
the cathedral of a Destiny,
where can we worship,
our lives,
destroyed.

I loved you,
even if, I have to crush,
all the Walls of the Traces,
what, they keep incarcerated Memories,
if I could find you again,
running on the vault of my Dreams,
just like then,
when I gave you the first bouquet,
of my Flowers of Tears,
on which I have strewn them for thee,
on the whole shore,
of my Heart of Fire,
who struggles with all her might,
with the greedy and perfidious waves,
of a Time of the Nobody.

I loved you,
how only God,
and the Saints of the Boundlessness can love,
the Absolute,
on which I would want him,
descended on the holy wings of the Perfection,

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of the Truth from us,
which to bring us back to life,
the lost Dream of the Passion,
where we both lived,
together,
without lacking us anything,
no matter how much would have tried,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
to tempt us,
with the Non-Senses of the Existence.

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8. Shadows of Words

Wash to me,
the soles of the Glances,
Love,
to I be able to run,
on the endless realms,
of the Dreams,
together with you.

Shadows, of Words,
scattered through the dust of incarnation,
in Absurd,
of the Thoughts,
unspoken, ever
they sit, thrown,
through the ditches of the Wrinkles,
of a Time,
of the Nobody.

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Sunsets, stained,
with the blood of the Hopes,
injured,
what, they give their last breath,
in, the deserted and sad Traces,
left by the steps of the Memories,
wandering on the paths,
where is waiting for them,
every time,
the Death.

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**9. As a sign that they live among the Non-Senses of
Existence**

The vain dreams,
they buy us the Eternities of Moments,
for nothing,
through, the Fairs of the Vanities,
where the Illusions of Life and Death,
have braided us the Destinies,
in thick ropes,
from Cemeteries, of Words,
which to hang the Love,
forced to commit suicide,
by the Saints of Delusions,
what they smile us bitterly,
from the Icons of the Despairs,
hung on the massive and cold Walls,
of the Cathedrals of our Souls,
ruined by Loneliness,
what, they hurt, deaf,
as a sign that they live,
among the Memories,
of the Non-Senses of Existence.

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10. Not even a single fraction of Moment

Wings, of Angels,
they want to save us,
of under, the Steps of Lead of the Future,
what, they press us the Love,
with the Forgetfulness of the lost Dawns,
among Flowers of Tears,
of the Heaven of Words,
which begins to snow us,
with Storms, of, Glances,
what they kindle with their lightning,
the Promises that are hiding,
more recently,
under the Shadow of Death,
increasingly dark and cold,
greedy and stingy,
who does not want to give us anymore,
not even a single fraction of Moment,
no matter how tiny,
of to be together.

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11. Through the endless Darkness

Why do not you leave us, Lord,
to we open wide the Windows of the Dreams,
as to enter, on them,
the fresh air,
of the Divine Light,
on whose wings,
to we fly,
toward the Star of Love,
whose brilliance,
to we bring her,
through the endless Darkness,
of our Beings,
up to the Shrine of Love,
on which so far,
we have not been able to see him,
really, never,
than through the troubled Eyes,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

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12. Remnants of Wrecks

The rebel insomnias,
they are intertwined with the Remorses of the Creation
of to sneeze, the Dreams,
more chilled,
among the foamy waves of the Vanities,
on whose shores of Absurd,
we wait for each other,
Love.

Remnants of Wrecks,
of the Hopes,
loaded somewhere sometime,
with Feelings,
are brought in the ports of the Forgetfulness,
by the cold and indifferent currents,
of the Non-Senses of Existence.

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13. On the cliff of the Compromises

Promises built in the cold walls of the Glances,
what, they dig us as deep as possible,
the Hearts, of Fire, quenched,
without knowing that in the end,
will burst from the abysses of the Questions,
the Cold, penetrating, off the lips of the Words,
whose chills,
they nestled us deeply,
in the Soul of Destiny,
increasingly dejected and sad,
always wandering,
on the cliff of the Compromises,
where walks every time,
together with,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
who sold him before he was born,
to Death,
what, she owns this World,
with the hysterical arms,
of the Non-Senses of Existence.

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14. Claws of the Absurd

The deep traces,
of, claws of the Absurd,
they tear the flesh of homeless Days,
of the Vanities,
from which it gushes the hot blood,
of the Original Sins,
who bury us in the Cemeteries of Words,
of the Future,
what crushes us with his Steps of Lead,
the Love,
so much awaited by Death,
in her cups of nowhere,
from which eagerly sips,
the Story of our own Lives.

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15. Collapsed in the cold and deserted Memories

The rebel passions,
they fall, in cascades of Dreams,
what, they fly on Wings, of Delusions,
through the Hearts, of Wind,
of the Hourglasses,
whose grains of sand,
have remained orphan,
by the Flowers of Tears of the Time,
whose waves wash and now,
the Eyes of the Windows of Heaven,
of the Shores of a Love,
collapsed in the cold and deserted Memories,
of the Non-Senses,
of an Existence.

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16. Write me, Love

Write me, Love,
with the forehead of Divine Light,
leaning against the Darkness of my Being,
in which you to find to me,
The Subconscious Stranger,
what is hiding from us,
through the corners of an Universe,
where I have not been able to reach,
never, until now,
being stopped by the Illusions of Life and Death,
on the endless Sunrises,
of the Loneliness,
by me myself.

Write me, Love,
on, the address deleted by Pain,
of the Word of the Creation of a God,
what has made me thick vestments of Absurd,
on the heat of end of World,
of the vain Hopes,
among the waves of which,
I swim and now,
believing that I will arrive,
somewhere, sometime,
at a Shore of the Happiness,
where I can meet you.

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17. When it's evening or morning

Homeless days give us,
Bouquets with Flowers of Tears,
on the cold and indifferent Horizons,
of the vain Expectations,
from which, the Non-Senses of Existence,
they intertwined their ropes of Memories,
with which they hang their Future,
by the tree of Loneliness,
what grows in the middle of the Desert,
from our hearts of Nowhere,
whose defective watches,
they do no longer know the exact time,
when it's evening or morning,
in the bodies of the Words,
increasingly exhausted and sick,
on, whose shoulders,
we can hardly manage to carry,
the Eternities of the dead Moments,
toward the gates, always open,
of the Cemeteries of Dreams.

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18. The Clouds of Doubts of the Hopes

The flames, of Regrets,
they kindle the Eyes of Heaven of the Love,
under whose eyelids,
they float and now,
the Clouds of Doubts of the Hopes,
from whose garments,
are born, our Memories of ice,
on which slide us,
the Smiles, frozen,
by the Cold, more and more penetrating,
of the Meanings,
at, whose soles,
the Glances kneel us,
increasingly lost
among the Flowers of Tears,
of the Despairs.

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19. Our passing through this World

Drowned in the gray and deep Wrinkles,
of the Expectations,
I'm trying to get to the shores of your Dreams,
Love,
from whose sand to rise our castles,
for to shelter in them,
the Hourglasses of the Feelings,
what, they will never break
not even then,
when they will begin to fall,
the falling stars, of the Destinies,
over the Horizons of the Absurd,
of these Non-Senses of the Existence,
on which we are forced to breathe them,
up to the last breath,
on which we still can inspire her,
in clay bodies,
of the our Words,
what, we will be forced to leave them,
remaining instead,
with the energy and the Meaning,
on which we received it from them,
dressed with the Memories,
of the Flowers of Tears,
what will they wash,
once and for all,
our passing through this World.

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20. Still from before of to meet us

We fall without stopping,
in the depths of the Traces,
of the Windows of Heaven of the Words,
spoken somewhere- sometime,
without we longer hearing them ever,
the Present,
in which we melted,
becoming a single Candle,
of Regrets,
trickling on the forehead of a Hope,
leaning on the Eternity of a Moment,
Dead,
still from before,
of to meet us,
at the edge of Destiny,
the Love.

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21. Becoming a Tear of Moment

We washed with the rains of the Words,
the Love,
after which they ran,
the Horizons of our Eyes of Heaven,
on the vault of which,
the falling Stars have not yet appeared,
to illuminate the pale face of Death,
on which,
without we knowing,
we flow,
becoming a Tear of Moment,
on which has wiped her,
carefully,
the Death,
without leaving anything,
from the Dreams we had,
to put,
on the tables,
of the Glances,
ever weaker and without light,
what, they were lost, for us,
slowly but surely,
in a Darkness of Nobody.

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**22. Not even the falling stars can no longer be
discerned**

Smoke, of, Regrets,
becoming black and choking,
comprises us with the dirty arms,
of a Horizon of the Night,
of a Remorse,
on the vault of which,
not even the falling stars,
can no longer be discerned,
although in their fall,
cold and indifferent,
they hit us the Hearts of Fire,
on which I extinguish them with the ice brought,
from the Deserts,
through which even and God,
he realized he is so Lonely,
that he rediscovered in His Dreams,
the Love,
together with the Mirror of Death,
in which this one had to admire herself,
why?,
only in Death ?,

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and in her Original Sins?
I wonder, God could not find,
altogether something else,
even in the incarnate lake,
from our Flowers of Tears,
in which even the Pain,
of the whole Universe is mirrored,
when she looks at our Souls.

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23. On the dusty roads with Sighs

Falling Stars, of, Memories,
they lie down on,
the dusty roads with Sighs,
of the Destiny,
what he barely succeeds,
to he climb the steep slopes,
of the Remorses,
over which it rains in torrents of Thoughts,
with Glances of lead,
that, the Heaven of the Words,
increasingly harder,
it collapses from the vault of the Hopes,
and falls deaf,
over the shoulders of the Flowers of Tears,
on which we wanted to gather them in bouquets,
as colorful as possible of Dreams,
on which we will give them to Love.

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24. At the edge of Heaven of our Thoughts

The Steps, ruined and decomposed,
of Words,
they lie at the edge of Heaven,
of the our Thoughts,
what they begin to snow with Questions,
increasingly heavy and full of black clouds,
covering us with snowdrifts the Storms of Dreams,
what were unleashed, with rage,
arousing the foamy waves,
of the Blood,
what is going to come out,
from the thin veins of the Sunsets,
of some Glances,
through which we lost us,
without being able to we return,
ever,
toward ourselves.

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25. We look the Destiny

We often return,
to the grain of sand,
through which we look,
the Destiny,
closed in the Hourglass,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
of whose breath,
is born the Time,
who kills us,
the Eternity of the Moment of Love,
crushing her on, the shores of Forgetfulness,
hideous and heavy,
on which we are forced to bear it,
on the desolate and dusty streets,
with the falling stars,
of the Words,
of our Souls.

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26. The Clouds of the dark Meanings

Eyes of Heaven,
blinded by Memories,
and troubled by the Clouds,
of the dark Meanings,
of the Storms of Dreams,
what they can not comprise,
the Horizons of Love,
however much, they boil,
through the collapsed Souls,
of the wings, of, Hopes,
of the Distances,
exhausted of so Endlessly,
of the Pain,
carried by the Hearts of Wind,
what, they beat in the chests,
of the Horizons, desolate and sad,
driven toward Nowhere,
by, Forgetfulness.

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27. From the Heart of Heaven of the Word

Drops of Hopes,
desolate and cold,
fall deaf on the black asphalt,
of the Thoughts,
what freeze instantly,
at the touch of the Time,
increasingly exhausted,
from the Heart of Heaven,
of the Word,
in which we found us again,
the Horizons,
what were lost,
later,
by Destiny,
to the cursed roulette of the Forgetfulness,
falsified by the lost Glances,
of the Loneliness,
in whose Soul,
it froze us,
even and the Smile,
carved in the bitter stone,
of the Vanity and Absurd,
of this World,
who did not want to belong to us,
Never.

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28. From the Glances of the Words

Steps broken on the eyelashes of the Horizon,
they crawl exhausted,
through the veins of the Pains,
what, they freeze,
at the roots of the Flowers of Tears,
from the Glances of the Words,
increasingly rare and lost,
on the desolate streets of the Meanings,
to whom we ask,
a bit of Truth,
which to defend us,
by the penetrating and vengeful cold,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
situated on the lips of Thoughts,
what fall frozen,
on the shoulders of a Time,
of the Nobody.

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29. In the deep and sad Wrinkles

The dice, decomposed,
fall into the desolate Thoughts,
of the Loneliness,
on, whose forehead,
we drown in the Wrinkles,
deep and sad,
of the homeless Days,
lost among the Walls of Words
of the Distances of ourselves,
which obligate us, the Destiny,
to we carry on the shoulders,
of the Pain, Absurd, and Vanity,
the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

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30. Until we will succeed to be together

Lattice of Feelings,
bewitched by the Spells,
of the Eyes of Heaven,
of the Regrets,
of the Flowers of Tears,
which leans,
by the opaque Glances,
of the Darkness,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
through which we are compelled,
to we see each other,
Love,
only along with Death,
on which we have to ask it,
every time,
how many Eternities of Moments,
we have to waste them anymore,
until we will succeed to be together,
on the Star of Immortality?

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31. The Icons of the Dawns of the Loneliness

Shards of Thoughts,
sharp and sad,
broken by the violent Time,
of the torrid Remorses,
of some homeless Days,
what, they have built us,
Cathedrals of Meanings,
bitter and cold,
on whose Walls,
we are forced,
to we put chaotically,
The Icons of the Dawns of the Loneliness,
from the poison of which,
we have to feed ourselves,
the Knees of a Love,
what, they will meet us each time,
only Death,
no matter how much,
they pray at the deserted Frames,
and rotten by Loneliness,
whose Saints,
have emigrated long ago,
in other Heavens,
where they are allowed to love,
truly.

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32. They escape us, from the palms of the Meanings

Leave me the rain of the Memories,
to shout deaf,
among the thunderclaps of Moments,
of the Heaven,
from the souls of the Words,
Wandering,
when they embrace,
the Smiles of the Hopes,
which are burned,
in the flames of some Loves,
what, they melt us the Horizons,
under the weight of Flowers of Tears,
of the Dreams,
increasingly slippery,
which, they escape us, from, the palms,
of the Meanings.

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33. On the Altars of the Pains

Stairs of Heaven,
barely climbed,
by the steps exhausted of the Dreams,
ever more gnawed and bloodied,
by the Sunsets of the fashionable Vanities,
through the lost worlds of the Saints,
tired of the our prostrations,
childish,
and eager to teach us,
how to we no longer exist,
and to we accept in the place of Love,
a God of the Sacrifice,
of the Original Sins,
without which the Creation would have become,
a banal Paradise,
what he would never have heard,
of crimes, incests and oppressions,
all in the name of Good and Freedom,
who have found shelter,
among the pages of the Bibles,
from the wax souls,
of our Words,
what they melt,
on the Altars of the Pains,
of this World without discernment.

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34. Under the hot knees of the Memories

Sharp and acidic replies,
they break by the Hopes,
from the Heaven of Passions,
increasingly cloudy and bored,
by the deserted streets of the Souls,
what they have no longer anything to say,
and they let themselves sail in drift,
through, the grizzled and deep Wrinkles,
of the Cups of nowhere,
from which we drink the sap of Destinies,
drowned with Death,
what can not be swallowed anymore,
and nor passed,
on the wax bridges of the Future,
which melts for us,
under the hot knees,
of the Memories.

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**35. What they whipped my Dawns, strait-laced in
Death**

Write me Hope,
pages, of Divine Glory,
but which to belong,
to another God,
and not to the one of the Sacrifice,
which leans,
on the shoulders of my Glances,
increasingly exhausted,
by, the weight of Thoughts,
oppressive and indifferent,
what they whipped my,
the Dawns strait-laced,
in Death,
Love,
please,
abduct me the Destiny,
and then you lead him on the wandering ways,
of the Dreams,
what could save us,
by the Non-Senses of the Existence,
on the Darkness of which,
we are forced,
to lose us,

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by the Subconscious Stranger,
which is all what has remained,
truly from us,
and could no longer be killed,
by the Illusions of Life and Death.

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36. Why you gave me meeting

I can not understand,
why you gave me meeting,
to I wait you, Happiness,
on the street of the Sunrise of the Loneliness,
where beat the Hearts of Wind,
desolate and sad,
on the black asphalt of the Regrets,
often washed by the acid rains,
of the Remorses,
which flow on the faces of the Destinies,
what seem to no longer belong to anyone,
in the streams of the Flowers of Tears,
increasingly dry and wilted,
what they drown us,
even the Cemeteries of Words,
on which we utter them for us,
among the Eternities, of, Dead Moments,
Love.

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37. On the faces lacking of Expressions of the Time

Chains of Phrases, unbuttoned,
at the buttons from the necks of the Meanings,
still binds us,
the soles of the Feelings,
by the high Gates of Loneliness,
painted by Death,
as to be for us, as attractive as possible,
although once past,
we no longer have way of return,
Love,
without, the flames,
of the Sacred Fire from You,
where,
even and the hot lips of the Words,
they will freeze,
in the veins of the Feelings,
which, they will no longer flow for us,
on the faces lacking of Expressions,
of the Time.

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38. In the chests of the Words

You will find again for me,
ever, Lord ?,
the lost Pain,
from the graves of the Smiles,
of the Eternities of dead Moments,
through whose souls I have passed,
treading them with the lead soles,
of the Clouds of Meanings,
whose steams of Forgetfulness,
they rise toward the blind Eyes of Heaven,
of the Windows, always closed,
from our opaque Glances,
eternal lost,
on, the streets without name,
of the Hearts of Wind,
whose Storms,
beat and now,
in the chests of the Words,
uttered by Loneliness.

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39. The Sky of Dreams

I am running through the rain of deaf shouts,
of your Heart of Fire,
what still it pulsates,
in the Souls of the Shadows of Words,
through which they pass us,
the Flames of the Feelings,
what, they scorched the Memories,
burning us,
the Future of Loneliness,
at whose Fire,
we have succeeded to see,
for the first time,
how was consumed to us,
the Sky of Dreams,
of, beyond this World,
whose stars,
they never fall,
over the foreheads full of sweat,
of the unfulfilled Hopes,
as happens for us here,
in the Blood of the Sunsets,
where they drown,
without any reason,
the Eternities of the Moments.

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40. The Debt of a Primordial Error

Days without soul,
they pass desperate,
among the knotted roots,
of the Despairs,
on which, Nobody can untie them for us,
no matter how they have tried,
the Saints of the Feelings,
from the Icons that bring Happiness,
to which we pray,
the Pain,
to forgive us,
by the Original Sins,
of a God,
of the sacrifice and Vengeance,
who has banished him,
in the darkness of Forgetfulness,
on our Subconscious Stranger,
even before of to be this World,
for, to sit down, He
with His entire Creation,
of Absurd,

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through Cathedrals of Words,
of the Vanity,
on the altars of which,
we pay the Debt,
of a Primordial Error,
what does not belong to us,
but to the Non-Senses of the Existence.

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**41. On the faces of the Tears of Heaven, of the Rain
of Dreams**

Distances bitten,
by the Storms of the Words,
flashed with Meanings,
over the Horizons of Feelings,
which kindle us, the Smiles,
over the Glances,
what seem to no longer end,
in the Depths of the own Thoughts,
which are melting for us,
on the faces of the Tears of Heaven,
of the Rain of Dreams,
what, falls into a deafening patter,
over our Hearts of Fire,
to whom they grow,
Wings, of Divine Light,
on which we begin to fly,
without return,
toward the Endlessness of a Love.

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**42. On the shoulders of the Cheeks, of the deep
Wrinkles, of the Separation**

Lightnings, of, Hopes,
kindle the Steps,
of the dazzling Hearts of Fire,
Illuminating us,
the Way to the Absolute of Love,
from whose flames,
the Creation of the whole Universe,
it lit the Sacred Fire of the Star,
what burns for us,
in a corner of Feeling,
of the Absolute Truth,
what awaits us,
beyond the deserted and sad street,
of the Loneliness, of this World,
of the Vanity,
which began to rain us,
with torrents of Despair,
over the Flowers of Tears,
flooded by Sighs,
what they begin to wither,
on the shoulders of the Cheeks,
of the deep Wrinkles,
of the Separation.

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43. On the desolate cheeks of a Love

We have fallen exhausted,
in the Cascades of Unrests,
which fall together with us,
in, the tumult of Estrangement of Self,
increasingly difficult and indifferent,
what sell us ragged Words,
on the Heaven of the Heart of Fire,
ready to be extinguished,
on the shores of Darkness,
of this World,
adorned with the Absurd,
of the homeless Days,
of the Destinies,
what, they shine in the hair of the Despairs,
for to be as prepared as possible,
for to meet the Death,
what comes to buy our Lives,
through the Cathedrals of the Vanities,
where the God of Sacrifice,
he charges us every time,
the Wandering of ourselves,
demanding, tax,
on each drop of Pain,
which still has the strength to flow us,
on the desolate cheeks,
of a Love.

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44. The incurable Loneliness

Flowers of Tears,
hot and crystalline,
are sold in bouquets of Retrievals,
to the Regrets,
on the rotten wood,
of the scenes of the Living Statues,
of our Souls,
from which the Illusions of Life and Death,
have carved the Hearts of bitter Stone,
of the Separations,
together with whom we are obligated,
to we interpret the roles of the Pain,
through the Showcases of the Memories of lead,
broken by the Regrets and Remorses,
of the homeless Days,
of your lost eyes, Love,
from whose Shards,
we want to build us,
Dawns of Retrieval,
although we cut ourselves into them the Dreams,
what bleeds from us,
only incurable Loneliness.

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45. To be uttered by the Love

Expectations built, in,
tombs, of, Dreams,
are building us massive Walls,
of Doubts,
on which we support us,
the Non-Senses of the Existence,
increasingly heavy to carry,
on the labyrinthine streets of Absurd,
what they unite us the Destinies,
by the Death,
to which we must pay,
each Eternity of Moment,
on which we breathed it,
between the walls full of dampness,
of the Words,
what we would have wanted so much,
to be uttered by the Love.

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46. To stay together

Cold and deserted drops,
wash the Autumns of the Words,
from the Heart of Lead, of the Time,
which crushes us,
with his massive Walls from Glances,
the Dreams,
what have become unemployed,
through the homeless Days,
of the vain Promises,
which they are doing to us,
the Cemeteries of Words,
in which lies our Future,
at whose tomb,
we often go,
to put Flowers of Tears,
as remembrance,
to the fact that we could just as well,
to we stay together.

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47. It pulsates from the Hearts of Wind, of the Words

Calendars broken,
by the homeless Days,
of the Destinies,
they abandon the Pages of Love,
as if were the enemy, of, Death,
of the Time which they serve,
on the steps of the Consciousnesses of Self,
of the Absurd of this World,
with which has clothed us the Destiny,
not to cool us,
in the cold of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
what pulsates from the Hearts of Wind,
of the Words,
uttered,
by the Wrinkles, increasingly deep and grizzled,
of the Illusions of Life and Happiness.

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48. By the Destiny of the Nobody

The shouts, deaf,
of Hearts extinguished,
precisely by the Fire that should have,
it to burn us,
with the Divine Light of Love,
the Steps of the Glances,
who were deepening for us,
in the Eternities of Moments,
Dead,
where we have been incarnated,
by the Destiny,
of the Nobody,
for which we will have to,
to deepen ourselves into the Death,
who will sell us,
to the Absurd,
not just on us,
but also on the Illusions of Life and Death,
in which they have dressed us,
the Non-Senses of the Existence.

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49. A whole life

Gates of Flowers,
give us bouquets of Tears,
for to keep them to the chests,
of the homeless days,
of the Destinies,
that they will open us,
The Realms of Pain,
through the maternities of the blind Glances,
of the Dreams,
in which we will impede us,
somewhere, sometime,
the Death,
leaning against the cold walls, of, lead,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
on whose wings,
of, Non-Senses, of the Existence,
we will fly,
toward the Inferno that awaits us,
a whole life.

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50. Conscious, being

Altars of Delusions,
they keep us the grieving knees,
of the Eternities of Moments,
in the broken vases,
by the bloody fists of the Absurd,
of the Flowers of Tears, wilted
put by the Death,
who worship,
to the Illusions of Life and Happiness,
of our Non-Senses of the Existence,
Conscious, being,
how much, all these help her,
to steal us,
The Endlessness of a Love,
which we will seek in vain,
hitting us by the deserted Walls,
colored with vain Promises,
of the Future.

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51. That is why I was silent

No matter how much we will swim,
Love,
toward the banks of lead,
of the Words,
we will not succeed to we catch us by them,
being so slippery,
that neither the Truth did not climb,
on any of the Lead Walls,
of the bodies thereof.

That is why I was silent,
when the Horizons of Dreams,
they began to lose their,
numbers and names of the Sunsets,
whose Nights, new, born,
they blinded us with the darkness,
of the Destiny,
to which we were condemned,
to we live,
the Loneliness,
of these Non-Senses of the Existence.

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52. You were so much from Yourself, I

You were so much from Yourself,
I,
that all the shards,
from the mirror of the vagabond Time,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
were rearranged as in a puzzle,
played by the Glances crushed by Loneliness,
of our Destiny,
Meeting us.

You were so much from Yourself,
I,
that neither the Absurd of this World,
he was not aware,
until, he not realized,
that he does no longer have, Nothing,
to put on the table of the Despondency,
not even a fraction of Despair,
which to feed his,
Non-Senses of the Existence.

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You were so much from Yourself,
I,
that we are left without realizing,
the last drop of Happiness,
sipped by, the Eternity,
from the Glances of the Immortality,
which will never be poured,
in the cups of nowhere,
of a Horizon,
conceived by a Creation,
of the Original Sins.

You were so much from Yourself,
I,
that, even the edges of the Promises,
seem to overlap,
over the Infinite of the Divine Light,
on whose wings,
we took our flight,
as deep as possible,
in the Heart of Fire,
of the Stranger from ourselves,
on, whose sky, shines us,
without ever falling,
the Star of our Love.

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You were so much from Yourself,
I,
that neither the God of the Sacrifice,
he can not understand,
how did we succeed,
to pay us for the Death,
which we have managed to convince,
to she no longer follow us, ever,
although He created it,
so ruthless,
to the Words spoken by us,
to the Love,
where all the Hopes,
they begin to shine,
with that I love you,
what will clothe us without stopping,
the Dream of always remaining together.

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53. Feverish Remorses

Dawns of Words,
suffering from influenza and misinterpreted,
full of acute headache,
and feverish Remorses,
have snowed us with Meanings chained,
by the Death,
increasingly fierce,
to rediscover us,
the Dance Steps, kneaded,
of the Destiny,
from whose frivolous dough,
is leavened us, the Happiness,
which is sold to us on Nothing,
to the Non-Senses of the Existence.

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54. Over which

Bridges of Verbs,
over which,
can not pass Nobody,
have chained us, the Feelings,
with deaf and troubled collapses,
of the Memories,
over which,
have remained to pass,
only the pale Shadows,
of the Clouds of lead,
of the homeless Days,
lived now,
only of Loneliness,
the unique, what's left from us,
and is stubborn,
it to fight with Death,
over which,
will no longer pass, Nobody,
Ever.

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55. They crush us the wings of the Hearts of Fire

Pyres of Remorses,
knead the Ashes of the Regrets,
breathed by the Lead Memories,
of the heavy Heavens of Words,
which shatter us,
the wings of the Hearts of Fire,
of the Dreams,
increasingly gray,
what, they crush us incessantly,
the Future,
leaning against the grizzled foreheads,
of the Wrinkles of some Hopes,
whose Flowers of Tears,
trickle,
on the bent shoulders,
of our Time.

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56. The Glances of Love what has blinded

Wounded shadows,
built in the Cathedrals,
of our collapsed Words,
to the gnawed soles of some ruined Meanings,
over the wings of Divine Light,
from the Glances of Love,
what has blinded,
of so much Darkness of the Loneliness,
that crushes our Souls,
consumed by the cold and gloomy flames,
of the Absurd,
which clothed us,
with the dust of the Illusions of Life and Death,
incarnating us thus,
in Pain and Despair.

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57. At the rich meal of the Death

Hidden Promises,
by the Storms of the Questions,
with increasingly makeup made,
by the Time of the Lead Clouds,
from whose body we have built us,
the Hearts of Wind,
of the Expectations,
rusty,
by the Steps of the Autumn Horizons,
what they seem to no longer end ever,
of so much Loneliness,
how much more can they swallow,
at the rich meal of the Death,
the Divine Glories,
on which, were placed us the Destinies,
ever since the birth of the first whimper,
of the Eternity of the Moment,
what has been lost forever,
once with us.

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58. We have indebted us forever to the Loneliness

Forests of broken wings,
they guard the Flowers of Tears,
of the Memories,
which, they dry for us,
by the Longing, increasingly wiped,
of the Heavens of Words,
without the falling stars,
on the footsteps of which,
we tried somewhere- sometime,
to we fly towards the Subconscious Stranger,
from the Eternity of the Moment,
on which we never thought to lose it,
to the rigged roulette of the Forgetfulness,
of the Divine Glories,
where we have indebted us,
forever,
to the Loneliness.

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59. The Winter of the Words

Flowers of Tears,
they fall writhing themselves,
on the wings of the Storms of Meanings,
whose deep and sad Shadows,
they clothe us the frozen Smiles,
received in gift,
from the Winter of the Words,
of the Divine Glories,
what, have snowed,
over the grizzled foreheads of the Time,
with the Absurd of a World,
of the Original Sins,
what seems to have not been created for us,
Love.

It is blizzard with Glances,
powerless and wry,
frozen under the bitter Frost,
of the Thoughts of Lead,
on which Nobody no longer succeed,
to them move away,
of on the Windows of the Hopes,
whose Flowers of Ice,
we are given by the Destinies,
to the Absurd,
of some new homeless Days.

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60. The religions of Love

Provocative clouds of Questions,
they rotate, dizzying us
above the lost cathedrals,
of the Glances,
of the Divine Glories,
what they have lost forever,
the religions of Love,
and run, to Nowhere,
on the streets of the Cups of Nowhere,
from which, they sip us greedily,
the perfid lips of the Death,
for whom Loneliness towards ourselves,
has always been,
an irresistible delight,
which can not be missed,
through the Cemeteries, of Dreams,
of our Destinies.

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61. On the insalubrious Roads of the Memories

Remains of Salutes,
they stand thrown into heaps,
dirty and sad,
on the insalubrious Roads of the Memories,
of the Divine Glories,
more and more gnawed and full of pits,
over which are destroyed,
even the solid wheels of the Time,
what, they seem to no longer rotate,
after the paltry interests of Death,
to the despair of the Absurd,
determined to make complaints,
to the Illusions of Happiness,
about the deplorable state of Hopes,
whether or not they are vain.

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62. In a Tear of Dream

We run without stopping,
after the lost Love,
not knowing that we were kidnapped,
by the toils of the Illusions of the Death,
of the Divine Glories,
until we accidentally drown,
in a Tear of Dream,
to find our Life again,
without to we meet her really, ever,
for to receive in return,
a broken Mirror,
of the bad luck,
in which, we do not succeed, nothing else,
than to see the distorted face of a Destiny,
who has adopted us forcibly,
at the Shop of Illusions,
of a God of the Sacrifice,
what, he thought,
that, he can feed his Death with us,
if he throws us, the Love,
whose taste he does not accept,
being too sweet after sayings,

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of the Cemeteries of Words,
leaning against the fences of the Absurd,
what, we will not be able to escalate them, never,
in this World,
which was not created,
for, to belong to us, truly.

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63. Madhouses of Words

Deceptive Waters of Dreams,
they drowned us with the alluring glow,
of the Life,
for to reincarnate us in Pain,
carried by the falling stars of the Absurd,
of the Divine Glories,
from the blind vault,
of the our Subconscious Stranger,
lost among the veins injected,
with the drugs of the Illusions of the Happiness,
of the Eternities of Moments,
what, they die leaning against the fences of the Steps,
which, they led us somewhere- sometime,
toward the same Madhouses of Words,
to which they lead us and now,
the vain Expectations.

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64. The Lead of the Clouds of Loneliness

We lose ourselves, definitively,
among the Glances injected with Absurd,
of the deserted and cold Streets,
from the Hearts of Wind, of the Words,
of the Divine Glories,
whose addresses have been deleted,
by the undecided and greedy Steps,
of the ever more vain Promises,
which clothe us and now the Memories,
so exhausted,
that, they fall, deaf and hard,
from, the dark Skies of the unfulfilled Hopes,
which, they crush us,
with the Lead of the Clouds of Loneliness,
The Wait.

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65. The Ashes of the Eternities, of incinerated Moments

Walls of Lead,
they crush us, even and the Storms of Words,
whose thunder and lightning by Verbs,
are extinguished in silence,
through the Cemeteries of the Dawn,
of the Divine Glories,
of on the blind vault of the Flowers of Tears,
deprived even by the falling stars,
of the vain Hopes,
in which we were washing us somewhere- sometime,
the dirty palms of the Thoughts,
full of the soot of the Destiny,
over which is always spread,
the Ashes of the Eternities of incinerated Moments.

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66. Answer me Love

Answer me Love,
why did you braid your crown of Absurd,
from the bouquet of my Flowers of Tears,
on which you will put it on the tomb of Destiny ?,
and then you to look at the Heaven of Words,
of a God of the Original Sins,
through the Eyes of the Heart of Fire,
of my Dreams about you?

Answer me Love,
where do you think that I can learn to revive, ever,
if not in the arms of your Absolute Truth?,
which overflows, roaring
skipping cascades of Passions,
through the veins of your brightness,
without being able, however,
be served, ever,
in the cups of nowhere,
nicked by the venom of the Illusions of Life and Death,
the only ones that have remained to me,
as an inheritance,
from, the Despair and Vanity,
of this World of the Nobody.

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67. The wilderness of the Despairs

The Stars of the falling Words,
they glimmer on the grizzled foreheads,
of the Time,
through which the Absurd,
he clothed us,
with the wilderness of the Despairs,
of the Divine Glories,
to be fashionable,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
applauded without ceasing,
on the scenes of the Pains,
by the Showcases of the Glances,
what they always play,
the roles of Living Statues,
whose protagonists,
are we, Love,
together with Death.

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68. The Glances of Eyes of Ashes

Shadows of Forgetfulness,
torn by the bitter fangs of the Time,
they float on the slabs,
of the tombs of Smiles,
which they are telling us,
the Glances of Eyes of Ashes,
of the Vanities,
of the Divine Glories,
from the Hearts of Wind,
whose Storms of Hopes,
they crumble the Horizons of Despairs,
letting to grow in their place,
the weeds of the Loneliness,
whose thorns of Meanings,
they stung us the Destinies with their Breaths,
full of venom,
being put in the endless letters,
loaded with Cemeteries of Words.

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69. They begin to catch roots

Scrap, of Smiles,
they rot at edge, of, Word,
on beside which, they pass carelessly, the wheels, of fire,
of the Time,
of the Divine Glories,
which burn us the Stages of the Illusions of Life and Death,
with the wax axes of the Meanings,
which have become increasingly hostile,
they melt for us on the face of a Love,
who wandered itself,
in the arms of Destiny,
without that the Death to know,
where is it,
until,
the Flowers of Tears,
of the Eternity of our Moment,
they begin to catch roots in the Eternity,
what belongs, on this World,
only to the Death.

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70. The Bones of Destinies

Wrinkles of Words,
of the Divine Glories,
they lead exhausted, the riverbeds of the Meanings,
on the forehead of a Time,
of the Nobody,
under the Heaven, of bleached Bones,
where,
we are forced,
to we become the mad dogs of the Love,
which we shall tear,
until, from the flesh of her Eternity of Moment,
has no longer remained us, than a Memory,
and all this,
to we be rewarded,
each with one,
from the Bones of Destinies,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
on which we shall gnaw them unceasingly,
until there will be nothing left,
from ourselves.

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71. The Fire Breaths of Love

The shores collapsed in the Ears of the shells of Dreams,
in whose, Hearts of Fire,
are still heard and today,
The Fire Breaths of Love,
whose waves of Flames,
have lit us somewhere- sometime,
Star of our heavenly Destiny,
what was kidnapped from the vault of Eternity,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
of the Divine Glories,
which have managed to catch her,
with the wanton fishing rod of the carnal Pleasures,
from which the butchers of this World,
the Absurd and Vanity,
falsify the most perfidious Tastes,
for the rigged dice of the Time of Nobody.

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72. Painted with the lost Glances

We have become a history of the Absurd,
of the Divine Glories,
running among the Flowers of Tears,
gathered by Loneliness,
among the drops of the Rains, of Meanings,
which trickle,
on the pale faces of the Words,
at whose foreheads,
Nuns of vain Dreams,
they worship to the Icons of Vanity,
painted with the lost Glances,
of the Eyes of Ash,
of the Destiny,
from which has no longer remained,
than the Memory of some Flames,
what have burned somewhere-sometime,
and for us,
Love.

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73. Over the surfaces of ice

It is blizzard with Hearts of Words,
over the surfaces of ice,
of the Indifference,
in whose palms we are hidden,
for to not we be observed
by the Absolute Truth of Love,
what could steal us,
the Meanings,
from, the realms of the Absurd,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
and to lead them,
on the white Wings of Sincerity,
of the Divine Light,
far in ourselves,
from where we should never be forced,
to we open the gate of Vanity,
which prepares us for the Death,
which springs from the Divine Glories,
what barely awaits to take us in possession,
the Dreams.

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74. Smiles

Secrets frozen in Smiles,
burned by Sunrises of fire,
of the Thoughts of Lead,
which even now,
they burn us the deep and sharp Wrinkles,
of, on the faces, aged prematurely,
and increasingly naughty,
of the Words,
through which they flow us,
the Meanings of wax,
freshly melted,
of the Hopes,
from whose bodies
we make Candles of Patience,
for the tombs of the Smiles,
whose Dreams,
although we know,
that they will no longer return, never,
in the abandoned station,
even and by Memories,
of the Death,
yet we still wait them.

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75. Step, of Fire

Shores broken in pieces of Feelings,
they lead their riverbeds of the Wrinkles,
toward the Horizons of the Nobody,
where, we wash the Cemeteries of Words,
spoken between the Walls of lead of the Destinies,
of the homeless Days,
under whose eaves,
we can barely succeed,
to we carry us,
the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Divine Glories,
on which we breathe them,
at each Step of Fire,
of the Nightmare of to we be aware,
of Wandering,
in which we dress,
with each Eternity of Moment,
through which we pass,
and we kill it without any purpose.

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76. Until when Nobody

The regrets, Purple,
dress the deserted Horizons of the Expectations,
increasingly exhausted,
by the lead Glances of the Words,
what they can not master,
the rebellious and cold Meanings,
to give us new bouquets,
of Flowers of Tears,
with the fragrant arms of the Absurd,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
of the Divine Glories,
in which we have deepened,
until, Nobody,
can no longer save us,
by our own falsified Self,
of the Vanities of a Time,
of the Compromises.

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77. The lead Steps of the licentious Icons

Leaves rusty of memories,
wasted by the Autumn of the Heart, of Fire,
of the Eternity of the Moment,
in which we should have established
the address of Love,
they rustle under the lead Steps,
of the licentious Icons,
of some Saints,
of the Absurd,
of the Original Sins,
of the Divine Glories,
revengeful and cruel,
what they killed us without any Remorse,
the Words of a Retrieval of Self,
on which he would have spoken them for us,
the Absolute Truth,
of the Love.

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78. Located on the hidden vault

I run toward Nowhere,
trying to I convince my Birth,
that her meaning was,
just to conceive the Death.

Only the shining Smile,
of the Divine World,
located on, the hidden vault,
of the Subconscious Stranger from me,
could save me,
from the Ocean of the Original Sins,
in which I drown,
under inert weight,
of the Eternities by deceased Moments,
through whose Hearts,
I was forced to pass,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
of the Divine Glories,
precisely to break them.

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79. The Faith in the Divine Light

Faiths, wilted
they drink the Autumns of the Hearts,
from the cups of nowhere, of the Destinies,
hosted in the broken Hearts,
by, the massive lead Walls,
of the homeless Days,
at whose soles we try to lead,
Faith in the Divine Light,
abandoned,
even and by the Absurd and Vanity,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
what they can no longer to combat it,
knowing it is the only one,
through which still we can,
to we find us again on ourselves,
through the deep and cold Darkness,
of the Original Sins,
of the Divine Glories,
on which we are obliged to serve them,
until we will be released,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
in the arms of the Absolute Truth of Eternity.

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80. Mirrors of Words

We look at us rarely attentively,
in Mirrors of Words,
and we understand what great sin,
is to break them,
only when we cut us deeply,
in the shards of the Memories,
of the Flowers of Tears,
of the Dreams,
which begin to bleed,
with tardy Regrets,
on the shoulders of a Time,
of the Nobody,
from which none of us,
can no longer build anything.

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81. In the Eyes of Infinity

Hearts of wind,
shattered on the porches of wiped Smiles,
by the palms given to the Truth,
always carefully cared,
where every Comma,
of the vain Promises,
spoken by the Cemeteries of Words,
is lacquered,
by the Illusions of Death,
of the Divine Glory,
for to hide as well as possible,
a Future grizzled prematurely,
by the heavy and cold winters,
of the Loneliness of ourselves,
in which we deepen more and more,
aware,
that we are too blind,
to can look,
in the Eyes of Infinity,
the Love,
who will wait for us in vain,
at the gates of Eternity,
what, they will no longer be opened, never,
behind us,
where he gave us a Meeting,
the Destiny.

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82. The Past has Passed

Let's run,
trying to we catch us,
the Past,
where we had not yet met,
with the Loneliness.

Past,
of, which, we have been separated,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
in the lugubrious dance of the vain Promises,
Orchestrated by the Absurd,
of the homeless Days,
of the Feelings,
for which the Past has Passed.

Let's run,
just as poor,
by the lack of the Words of the Vanity,
as we were born,
in the empty and desperate Glance,
of this Time,
what kills his own Eternities, of, Moments,
to be considered useful,
by, the Death,
of the Divine Glories.

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83. In a World, of, Shadows

Lost,
in a World, of, Shadows,
we communicate through the Darkness of the Words,
of the Divine Glories,
increasingly oppressive and aggressive,
what they burn us the Steps of the Dreams,
until their Ashes,
is shattered by the Hearts of Wind,
of the habitual Dawn,
of the Loneliness of ourselves,
for to be taken,
by the Clouds of the Glances of Lead,
on the Gray Sky of Souls,
of some Questions that crush us,
even and the Absurd,
of the Non-Sense of the Existence,
with Death,
on which they insufflate her,
to each Eternity of Moment,
through which we pass.

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84. They drink the Sea of Pain

Bitter roots of Smiles,
they crush the dust in which we have incarnated,
the Death,
of the Divine Glories,
among the Flowers of Tears,
of the Despair on which they are supported,
Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Illusions of Life and Happiness.

The shores gnawed by the Waves of the Memories,
they drink the Sea of Pain,
at the tables full with Regrets,
of the masts of some Loves,
what, they will never find them again,
since when they were shipwrecked,
on the ocean of the Forgetfulness.

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85. On the Heaven of other generations of lovers

If I am a River,
you are a Fountain,
at whose charms,
the Eternity tilts,
to cool down with the Tear,
crystalline and pure of Love,
what flows, shining,
on the cheek of Divine Light,
what lit us the Hearts of Fire,
with the Star of Immortality,
what will light us the Way,
towards the Absolute, unblemished, ever,
of the Feeling from us.

If you are the Ocean of the Boundlessness,
I will always remain,
its Horizon,
what will follow him endlessly,
passing over all the Storms,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Divine Glories,
provoked by the Winds of Absurd,

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of the Illusions of Life and Death,
on which, we will defeat them,
to become eventually,
a Star of Love,
what will blink without ever collapsing,
on the Heaven of other generations of lovers.

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86. Through the nooks of the Cathedrals of Promises

We became,
Windows, of Truth broken,
through which they pass by, whistling,
the Hearts of Wind, indifferent,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Divine Glories,
what they want to donate
what they want to donate their,
the Frames of the Dreams,
to some Icons of Love,
and they lie decomposed,
through the nooks of the Cathedrals of Promises,
cold and indifferent,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
to which they worship for us,
the Knees of the Thoughts,
Crushed by, the Powerlessness,
received in gift,
from the Absurd and Despair,
of the Vanity of this World.

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87. On the grass that was not mowed

Dawn with wry Smiles,
are crowding at the obsolete stalls,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
to catch an Illusion of the Life or Death,
of the Divine Glories,
as fresh as possible,
on which to cook her, for, the Loneliness,
from the ruined Cathedrals,
of the Glances of Lead,
what chaotic wander,
on the alleys, poorly fed,
dirty and skinny,
of our Cemeteries of Words,
Crucified,
on the grass, that was not mowed,
of the poisoned Hopes,
with vain Promises.

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88. By the Longing of Love

Flowers of Tears,
broken from the Paradise,
of where we were kidnapped,
by the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Divine Glories,
for to be put,
in the chipped Vases of the Absurd,
where the Illusions of Life and Death,
pour greedily,
the verdigrised water of the Despair,
for to stop the return among us,
of the Hopes,
what could catch wings,
have withered us straight away,
the Pain of Loneliness,
by the Longing of Love,
from whose arms
we were brutally taken away.

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89. Whose Feelings

The traces, disfigured by Questions,
barely are seen
among the cold of the Regrets,
of end of World,
of the frozen Words, precisely,
for to be served,
in the cold and bitter potion,
of the Loneliness of ourselves,
on which we drink it, without ceasing,
from the cups of nowhere of the Destinies,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
of the Divine Glories,
whose Feelings,
full of Helplessness and Pain,
they fly with our own wings,
Non-Senses of the Existence.

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90. The Thirst of ourselves

You were so much Shore,
for the Waves of the Endlessness of my Love,
that you became, the Port,
where the Dreams no longer have to,
to they lead the heavy Lead Sky,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
frustrated by the endless Storms,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Divine Glories,
which wash ceaselessly,
the face of the Vanity,
full of the Wrinkles of the Absurd,
hoping in vain,
to rejuvenate it,
for to fall in love with her,
the cups of Nowhere,
of the Loneliness,
from which she will have to drink,
the Thirst of ourselves,
which dwells in the Curse uttered,
by the Almighty Death,
to the Original Sins of the Creation.

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91. Roared wild

Cascades tumultuous by Absurd,
roared wild
they have disheveled their tangled hair,
of the Questions,
above the sharp cliffs,
of the Absolute Truth,
what they have torn the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Divine Glories,
in slices of Heaven,
from which to feed us,
the Heavens of the Words,
what, they begin to shed bitterly,
the drops of the Flowers of Tears
of the Storms that break out,
in the Soul of the Subconscious Stranger,
from each.

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92. So that we can climb to endlessly

We can not see the World,
than through the Eyes deprived of Divine Light,
of the Absurd, Despair, and Vanity,
where the Absolute Truth,
he walks in rags,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Divine Glories,
under the soles of which,
we live the Life,
crushed by the weight,
on which the hypocritical Smile has it,
drawn by Death,
on the cold walls of Original Sins,
so that we can climb to endlessly,
The steps of Heaven,
of the opaque Walls,
between us and the Eternity,
of a Love,
on which we will not be able to touch it,
Never.

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93. On the purple Horizon of Loneliness

Stretch me the brightness of your hand,
Love,
to I can give you,
the bouquet of my Flowers of Tears,
which trickle slowly,
on the face of your Absolute Truth,
what I still feel that breathes,
in the Heart of Fire,
of my Subconscious Stranger,
what seems to be waiting for you,
of more than an Eternity,
on the purple Horizon of Loneliness,
for which no longer exist Dawns,
than Memories,
of the Eyes of Heaven,
on which I can not see them anymore,
because they have blinded by your longing,
knowing that we can no longer Fly, ever,
as when we faced the Unknown,
of a Happiness.

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94. At the Requiem of Love

Branches of, Dreams broken,
by the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Divine Glories,
whose promises have collapsed,
in the fog, of end, of World,
of the Absurd,
from which the Death,
has cut to every one of us a slice,
on which to we taste it,
at the Requiem of Love,
whose Eyes, of, Heaven,
I washed them,
with the Flowers of Tears of the Loneliness,
what will grind us from now on,
the Memory,
by the Lead of the Clouds of the last Words,
on which we have addressed them for us,
somewhere sometime.

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95. A fragment, of Meaning

Distances lost by the Horizons,
under the heavy and exhausting soles,
of the Remorses,
they crush us each Eternity of Moment,
transforming it,
in a fine sand of the Absurd,
what, he drains his Regrets,
through the deep Wrinkles,
of the Memories,
what have remained us,
as a Node of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Divine Glories,
swallowed by the narrow Necks,
of the Hourglasses of some Words,
what, they can barely articulate,
a fragment of Meaning,
which measures us the Time,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
on which we are condemned to live them.

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96. From Your infinite magnanimity

You would have the courage,
Lord, you to open us,
the Gates of Absolute Truth,
so that to we can admire you,
the brilliance of the Divinity of the Word,
through which you built the Original Sins,
of this World,
what, you did it,
the maid of the Death,
and on us, her slaves,
sold before we are born,
to the Absurd, Vanity, and Pain?

At least you have won something, Lord,
from our torments ?,
or you did it,
from Your infinite magnanimity,
for the Death,
what belongs to Your Divine Glories?

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**97. They come to receive their Destinies of the
Death**

The funeral births,
are shouted at the maternities,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Divine Glories,
among the Pains of Births,
where the Original Sins,
come to receive their Destinies,
of the Death.

Hourglasses broken,
they measure us with the sharp shards,
of the Memories,
the Time of the Absurd,
of a Life of the Despair,
drowned in Vanity.

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98. Consumed by Death

Empty Promises,
they rust in the Hearts of Wind,
of the Destinies,
after, whose patterns,
were built us, the Souls,
of the rusty Leaves,
of late Autumn,
from the breaths of the Memories,
what they rustle under the oppressive Steps,
of the Loneliness,
washed by the cold rains,
of the Words,
trickled, in Flowers of Tears,
on the face of Absurd,
of to we be born in a World,
which always alienates us,
by, our own Self,
for to be consumed by the Death,
what belongs to Divine Glories.

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99. Candle, of Dreams

We drown, in the Traces of the Vices,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
what they build us,
the huge Cathedrals, of Absurd,
to whose icons we must worship,
the Pains of the births,
of the Eternities of dead Moments,
where we pretend that we pass,
the Non-Senses of the Existence,
through which we live the Experience,
of to be,
the same Candle, of Dreams,
about which we never want to know,
that it melts quickly,
between the massive and oppressive Walls,
of the Vanities,
of the Divine Glories.

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100. Grow on the lacustrine Wrinkles

Risks,
lost in the Water of the Despair,
they rush, threatening
to sweat,
through the pores of the deep riverbeds,
of the Flowers of Tears,
what grow on the lacustrine Wrinkles,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
through which they leak for us,
the Rivers of Absurd,
under whose wings,
it was decided our Destiny,
by the Death,
what belongs to Divine Glories,
more and more friendly
with Happiness.

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101. Divine Glories

Divine Glories,
they want us,
we to be built up, alive,
among Flowers of Tears,
on, whose scaffolding,
are building tirelessly,
Chains, of, Original Sins,
carried by God,
at parties with the Saints,
after the last fashion of the Paradise,
theirs, not ours,
used to polish us, the Pains,
of on the Icons,
situated on the steps, increasingly gnawed,
by the bruised Knees,
of the Thoughts of Lead,
what they pray for us,
through the Cathedrals of the Despair,
from the Hearts of Wind of the Words,
on whose wings,
we fly toward the inevitable Death,
which dwells in the pores of Vanity,
of each Eternity of Moment,
what has been destined us,
by the Destiny of the Absurd,
of the Non-Senses of Existence.

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102. Immortal

Dawn of Words,
have snowed over the ice of Loneliness,
frozen in a Smile,
of end of World,
of an Icon,
to whom it was deleted, the holy image,
of the Absurd,
of the Divine Glory,
of a Story,
what wants to be Immortal,
through, the Death,
to which we worship,
the Despair,
about which we did not know it was from wax,
and begins to melt,
at the heat of the first ray of Truth,
from the Eyes of Heaven,
of the Divine Light,
what shines in your soul,
Love.

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103. The Will of a God

Sacred Wings of Questions,
they collapse, helpless,
at the soles of Lead of the Meanings,
of the Divine Glories,
cold and indifferent,
escaped of under the control of Hopes,
of to ever succeed,
to we be, nothing more,
than ourselves,
on the Sky of Love,
where they deviated ruthlessly,
the storms of falling stars,
of the Despair and Absurd,
sprouted in the Word of Creation,
by the Will of a God,
of the Original Sins.

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104. He asked us

Why did you let,
the revenge of the Curse,
of the Divine Glories,
Lord,
to defend the Original Sins,
by us ?,
those crushed by, the Horizons, of, Lead,
of the Unhappiness,
which burn us with the rains of fire,
of the Loneliness,
on, whose forehead,
they drain for us,
in the cascades of Flowers of Tears,
the drops of sweat of Destiny,
what will remain, in the end,
of the Nobody,
after he asked us
to we understand his Pains,
the Absurd and Vanity,
on which we have lived them,
as being ours.

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105. We have to climb them

Sharp cliffs, of, Sufferings,
they cut us, the tender meat,
of the Eternities of Moments,
for to feed, with her,
the Absurd,
to the copious table,
of the Original Sins,
where they are always present,
Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Divine Glories,
garrulous and hypocritical,
who always praise us,
the Destinies of Lead,
on which we have to climb them,
only in, the top of the Mountain of the Pain,
from where they take their flight,
toward other horizons,
leaving us, without any purpose,
through the tombs of the Glances,
from the Cemeteries of Words,
what, they have remained to us to say,
to Death.

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106. The bloody Time of the Sunset of Love

The sharp claws of the Words,
they torn us the Dawn of Loneliness,
leaving them to bleed,
in the Hearts of cold drops of Memories,
which, they wash us the faces of the Moments what have
died,
in the arms of Loneliness,
increasingly weakened,
by the bloody Time,
of the Sunset of Love,
kindled by the Illusions of Life and Death,
of the Divine Glories,
for to turn her into the ashes of the Forgetfulness,
in a fire of the Absurd,
of this World,
whose Non-Senses of the Existence,
they flow us through the veins of the cups of nowhere,
from which she sipped us,
the Death,
the Future.

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107. In the cups of nowhere of the Glances

The branches lost in the Memories of the Leaves,
what they rustled under the heavy soles,
of the Time,
of the Death,
they knock with the Hearts of Wind,
in the windows of our Flowers of Tears,
which flow us,
on the face increasingly depressed of the Future,
whose sap is served to us,
in the cups of nowhere of the Glances,
on which we sipped them every time,
especially then,
when the Steps of Lead of Loneliness,
of the Divine Glories,
they invite us to the abundant meal,
with Pains and Despairs,
of the Dawns.

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108. They will model another Soul

Days, of Absurd,
they float on the Hearts of Fire,
of the Promises,
extinguishing them the flames of Feelings,
with the frozen Cemeteries of Words,
of the Divine Glories,
on whose waters,
the floes of Meanings are flowing,
sharp and indifferent,
what they hit deaf,
the shores of Memories,
making them to fall in the inert mud,
of the Forgetfulness,
from which the palms of Original Sins,
they will model another Soul,
after the image and likeness,
of the God of Sacrifice.

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109. Floods of Promises

The storms of the Hopes,
they close behind them,
Clouds of Smiles,
wry and cold,
what, they begin to lightning,
with Flowers of Tears,
of the Non-fulfillments,
over the deep Wrinkles,
through which flow us,
Floods of Promises,
what, have crushed everything in the way of the Feelings,
which, they were leaning,
in the durability of the massive Walls of Questions,
of the Cathedrals of Hearts,
collapsed at the soles of the Saints,
of the Divine Glories,
in which they never believed,
none of,
the Cemeteries of our Words.

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110. At the place of honor

The more we try,
to free ourselves from the Absurd,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
actually,
we swim toward the Horizons ever more oppressive,
of the Distances of ourselves,
as long as,
we will discover God,
through Glasses worn by Death,
we will see the World,
only through its Diopters,
whose lenses,
are modeled by the Illusions of Life and Death,
after the image and likeness,
of the Original Sins,
of the Divine Glories,
on which we must serve them,
our whole life,
we will continue to write only Bibles,
where murder and lawlessness,
is put, at the place of honor,
and the Virtue,
killed.

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111. Between the massive Walls of Absurd

Arches of lead of the Souls,
they guard the Cathedrals of Pain,
for to celebrate,
between the massive Walls of Absurd,
the Saints of Nobody,
who live comfortably,
through the Icons of our Dreams,
under a false identity,
what it has, written, on her,
the address of Love,
what was sacrificed,
by the Original Sins,
of the Divine Glories,
on the altars of Absurd,
of this World,
of the Illusions of Life and Death.

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112. In a continuous decomposition

The scattered roles,
through the Showcases of the Pains,
for to be played,
with the houses of the homeless days, closed,
by the Living Statues of the Absurd,
of a World,
in a continuous decomposition,
where every Cemetery of Words,
receives ceaselessly,
the Eternities of our Moments,
whose Death we trample it,
in order to succeed to we live,
among the ruins of the Glances,
increasingly fragmented,
by the Original Sins,
of the Divine Glories,
what they belong to a God of Sacrifice.

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113. The Viruses of the Delusions

Thorns, of Dreams,
they pierce the flesh of the Words,
infected with the Viruses of the Delusion,
of the Divine Glories,
on whose wings,
flying the key roles,
of the Living Statues,
on which the Destinies,
of the our Original Sins,
play them through the theaters,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
which are applauded,
every time,
only by a single spectator,
and this is Death.

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114. The Glory of Love

The Springs of the Flowers of Tears,
seem to be dry,
on the face furrowed,
with Cemeteries of Words,
of the vain Hopes,
through which the Dreams believe they will obtain,
the Glory of Love,
on the long and dark hallways,
of the Destinies,
from the Prisons of Dust,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
in which we have incarnated,
the Future of our own Death.

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115. On the Altar of Divine Glories

Why did you build us, Lord,
on the Altar of Divine Glories,
of the Your Original Sins,
only for as the Death to can feed itself,
with our vain Dreams ?,
in which neither the Illusions,
from which you built us the Hopes,
they can not believe ever,
no matter how many Cathedrals,
of, embalmed, Cemeteries of Words,
you would raise us,
on the arid realms of Your Bible?

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116. We believe

Rays of Love
whipped by the Destiny,
of the Original Sins,
to die before our birth,
in the Motherhoods of Darkness,
in the Dust of an Incarnation,
what will remain only of Death,
in whose Mirror,
we will admire,
the Absurd and Pain,
of the whole Life,
which we believe,
that we can redeem her,
through the blind Faith,
in the Saints of the Vanities,
of the Divine Glories,
on which we paint them,
on the icons of our Souls,
in vain.

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117. To whom namely they belong?

Petals forgotten,
by the Shores of shipwrecked Numbers,
on the cold of the lips,
of the Despair,
what she no longer takes account,
by the Eternities of the Moments killed,
on the foreheads of the Words,
grizzled prematurely,
by the long winters of Meanings,
in which we lose our identity,
of the Love,
abandoned on the deserted and sad streets,
of some Memories,
what they do not know anymore,
long ago than the oldest Times,
to whom namely they belong?

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118. On the face of a Forgetfulness

The dice of Words,
thrown in haste,
on the playing tables,
dirty and sad,
of the Absurd,
to which we hope to win,
an easier Death,
when they will open up for us,
by, the Vanity,
the big and black gates of the Darkness,
of the Divine Glories,
in which we will collapse,
endlessly,
in the Eternity of a Moment,
washed with the Flowers of Tears,
of a Past,
on the face of a Forgetfulness,
what, will become for us the Future.

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119. The falling stars of the Divine Glories

We were born,
to carry us,
the Knees of Lead,
of the Time,
on the shoulders of our Hearts,
sometimes of Wind,
other times, of Fire,
but always,
in search of one's own Self,
lost among the falling stars,
of the Divine Glories,
in which we believed,
as, finally,
to clothe us,
only with the Absurd and Vanity,
their.

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120. They no longer let us sleep

I kneel before the Eyes of Heaven,
of the Suffering,
from the Flowers of Tears,
of the Word spoken by Love,
on the banks between me and you,
which, they collapse for us,
in the own Past,
which became the Dust in which we see,
how incarnates in us,
the Loneliness,
coming as always,
on the broken wings of the first Dawns,
of the Divine Glories,
what they no longer let us sleep,
on the pillow of the our Love Story.

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121. We are forced to look at our Life

We rotate the Dizziness,
of the own Illusions of Life and Death,
poured in the cups of wilderness,
on which they sip them to us from Glances,
the Words,
what, they seem to no longer have, nothing to say,
to the Non-Senses of the Existence,
of the Divine Glories,
under the Heaven of the Memories of Ash,
of the incinerated Meanings,
by, our own Hopes,
what they will never be fulfilled,
on the collapsed steps,
of the Cathedrals of some Feelings,
fallen under the spell,
of the Original Sins,
what they sold to us,
to a Death,
in whose mirror,
we are forced to look at our Life.

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122. On the back of the own Words

The venomous insects, of Glances,
they pierce us the Thoughts,
increasingly weakened,
by the charismatic Absurd of Depression,
of a World of the vain Hopes,
under whose Heaven,
we bent our shrunken shoulders,
of the Truth,
forced to carry,
on the back of the own Words,
the whole weight,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
of the Divine Glories,
dressed as thick as possible,
with the Nonsenses of Existence,
on the cold of end of World,
of the Separation,
left by the Death,
to enters us on the windows of the Future.

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123. On, the Hearts of Wind, of the Passions

The Sunrises, purple,
disturb the pages of the lead news,
of the future Forgetfulness,
what will cover,
the Cemeteries of Words,
with their accuracy,
from, the long funeral corteges of the Glances,
to whose shadows,
we still believe we will wash us,
by the sad dust,
moistened with the Flowers of Tears,
of the Original Sins,
of the Divine Glories,
brought on the Hearts of Wind,
of the Passions,
of on the faces of our Time.

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124. The Uselessness of the Railway Station

Roots of Absurd,
thrust deep into the dust of the Incarnation,
they cut us the Horizons,
with the distances of the Separations,
by ourselves,
for to become,
the stray Dogs,
of the streets, of, Bitter,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
lost through the refined tastes,
of the Pain,
of the Divine Glories,
increasingly primitive and more greedy,
which floods us the Wrinkles of the Expectations,
with the Uselessness of the Railway Station,
where no longer stops, no Moment of Truth ,
than the Illusions of Life and Death.

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125. In a World of the Original Sins

Rebels,
on the realms of Divine Glory,
we became,
the Stands, insalubrious,
on which are sold for us,
Eternities, wasted by Moments,
on which Death consumes them,
as dark and cold as possible,
that it freezes us,
even the decomposed blood,
of the Feelings,
through the perforated veins of the Loves,
by the drugs injected by the Faith,
in a God,
for which we are compelled to sacrifice us,
any piece of Love,
which could make us truly Happy
in a World,
of the Original Sins.

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**126. How much do we have to pay to you,
 Lord?**

Will we succeed to be us,
those from before,
of, the criminal Vanity of this World?

How much do we have to pay to you, Lord?
your Divine Glories,
that the Death to be pleased,
on the shaky steps,
of the Cathedrals of vain Promises,
on which the Non-Senses of the Existence climbed,
for to be on the liking
of the Illusions of Life and Death?

How do you grind us, Lord,
in the Mixer of the Absurd ?,
the purpose of being truly ourselves,
the crushed ones by Your laws,
in the body of the Destiny of Nobody,
carved by the Original Sins ?.

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127. In the Heart of Truth of the World

We are a Limit, of Happiness,
not and of Despair,
on the streets of the Wandering,
where all the rusted signs,
of the Illusions of Life,
they are heading us toward, the Death,
what belongs totally,
to the Divine Glories.

In the Heart of Truth,
of the World,
they can not beat,
the Eternities of Moments,
because, we are compelled,
by the Original Sins,
to waste them in vain,
on, the Absurd,
of the Non-Senses of the Existence,
for as, the Death,
to builds for her from them,
palaces of Forgetfulness.

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**128. In the broken Mirror of a decomposed
Truth**

Sunsets washed,
with the blood of Memories,
ever more erased,
of, on the face of a Time,
of the Absurd,
who crucify us,
on, the Crossroads,
where are knotted,
all the Non-Senses,
on which she could have met them,
in the long road of its Illusions,
the Existence,
when is looking at herself,
in the broken Mirror,
of a decomposed Truth,
what it no longer reflects,
of long ago than the oldest Times,
the Reality,
but only the distorted face,
of the Original Sins,
which enjoy,
feeding themselves, disgusting,
with our Hearts of Fire,
quenched by the loss of Meaning,
of to be,
next to Love.

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